Anata ha Hitori Janai (You Are Not Alone)

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Anata ha Hitori Janai (You Are Not Alone)

by karinakamichi

Summary

In which America deals with the aftermath of a traumatizing experience and everybody else tries their best to be there for him. As it turns out, he's not the only one with problems or bad coping mechanisms. Rape Recovery. Future AmePan and GerIta. Character Projection from some personal experiences. Self-harm. FACE FAMILY STUFFS.

Chapter 1

Story: Anata wa hitori ja nai (You Are Not Alone)

Summary: In which America deals with the aftermath of a traumatizing experience and everybody else tries to be there for him. As it turns out, he's not the only one with problems or bad coping mechanisms. Rape Recovery. Future AmePan and GerIta. Character Projection from some personal experiences.

Disclaimer: I don't own Hetalia.

Also: I haven't written Hetalia fanfics for like years so this may suck ass or be OOC or something.

I'm also currently learning German so I hope I didn't get anything wrong.

...

Hands were pinning him down, a pain ripping through his spine. He couldn't move. His mind was telling him to run, but his entire body was frozen.

He didn't know how to react. He wanted to scream, yet no sound came out.

...

America woke up in a cold sweat, gasping for air, and even cursing as he tried to process the fact that it had just been a dream. (Well, more like a memory, but that was over with now. *He wasn't there anymore, dammit!*)

Despite trying to convince himself of that fact, it did not stop the bile from rising to his throat. Immediately after, he made a beeline straight to the toilet, throwing up what little contents he had in his stomach, which was nothing but half of an apple.

When he was done in the bathroom, he rinsed out his mouth, and struggled to remember that he had a meeting today. He had already called in sick the last couple of meetings, so if he missed this one England would totally end up nagging him to death for being irresponsible

again, and honestly the last thing he needed was yet another reminder of how much he kept screwing everything up.

That reminds me. I should probably do something about redressing my bandages before I leave…

America's gaze traveled down to loosely dressed bandages on his arm which were poorly covering up a plethora of slashes and cuts, some fresh.

It wasn't healthy, but America wasn't stupid enough to think it was. It had just been the only thing he could think to do after-

At the very least cutting distracted him, and a certain part of him felt like he deserved it, for letting himself be taken advantage of, for not being able to bring himself to stop him. Besides, what could it really do to him? It wasn't like he could *die* or anything, right? He was a nation!

And tons of his citizens were already doing this sort of thing, so it didn't really take a genius to figure out where he got the idea from, and quite frankly he couldn't bring himself to care. With that thought in mind, he suddenly felt the all too familiar urge to draw blood. He found no reason at all to fight against it.

…

The meeting room was hectic as ever, with England and France arguing over the stupidest possible things, Russia intimidating everybody, Canada not being noticed and Germany just being plain out annoyed as he always was. China and Japan were currently debating(?) over Asian foods, meanwhile Italy was feeding a stray cat he had found outside.

" *Muss ich alles machen ...*?" Germany pinched the bridge of his nose to fight off his oncoming migraine. He then slammed his hands down on the table. " *SEID ALLE RUHIG!* "

Everybody grew stiff upon his outburst, turning to face him.

" *Endlich* ... It appears I have everybody's attention now." He observed in satisfaction, before sighing. "But before we begin, has anybody here heard from Amerika today?"

" *Angleterre* ?" France inquired to England when the question was posed.

"Wh-what the bloody hell are you looking at me for, Frog?! I'm not his baby sitter!" England immediately got defensive, glaring at him. It was true that he'd been the one America had called the past couple times to say he couldn't make it, but it still annoyed him, if only *because it was France* .

"Enough! Have you heard from him or not?! Just answer the question!" Germany snapped.

"No, I haven't. Are you happy now?" England reluctantly answered him.

"Do you think we should call him? The last couple meetings he called and told *Angliya* to tell him he was sick, so maybe he still feels unwell?" Russia chimed in with a suggestion of his own.

"I suppose it is possible, but three times in a row...?" Germany thought it over before caving. "Very well, if he's not here within the next five minutes, then somebody can-"

It was then that the doors to the meeting room were thrown open and America entered, gasping for air.

"Sorry I'm so late, everybody. I got caught up in a super long line at McDonald's. You should have seen it, it was wrapped all the way around the building!" He bluffed his way through their suspicions with a rather believable lie for everybody in the room. Considering it was *America* , they had no reason to doubt him.

However, it didn't stop a select few, such as Japan, Canada and England, as well as others, from noticing how sickly his face looked, or how stringy his hair was, especially the bags under his eyes, implying a lack of proper sleep.

He clearly hadn't been taking proper care of himself.

Despite that, nobody bothered questioning him in the end.

England sighed. "Whatever, Fatass, just hurry up and take your seat. We don't have all day."

"Right…" America felt himself shrink a bit at England's name calling. It wasn't like he had never been bothered by some of the things England and the other nations said about him, and this time it wasn't even meant in a negative light but more to lightheartedly tease him, but for some reason it really bothered him now.

Maybe it was because he'd been barely eating anything at all lately?

But it wasn't like England could possibly known that, so why...? He caved, still feeling eyes on him.

"Again, I'm really sorry, everybody. I should have payed closer attention to the time… I'll try not to do it again." America said, apologetically, taking several people off guard. It wasn't like him to be so humble. It was almost unsettling.

At seeing that display of guilt, Germany couldn't even bring himself to scold the American and turned away. " *Nein* , it is fine, as long as you understand. Let's just begin already."

"America, are you alright...? You look rather pale." England whispered to America a few minutes later as Germany was speaking, still not able to get the man's sickly appearance out of his mind.

"Yeah, dude, I'm totally fine. I just didn't get that great of sleep last night, so I'm kinda tired." America said vaguely. It wasn't a lie, just not the whole truth.

"Are you sure? If there's something that's been making you sick, perhaps you should-" England started to suggest but was cut off curtly by America.

"I already said I'm fine." America clearly didn't want to talk about it, and England seemed genuinely taken aback by his sharp tone. America quickly realized how rude that must have sounded, offering a small smile to show he meant no harm. "So you don't need to worry, okay?"

He hadn't intended to snap at him, he just didn't want to talk to anybody about it. He was an independent nation now, he couldn't come crawling back to England again, not over something like that. He refused to be weak.

"Well, alright, if you say so…" England quite frankly wasn't convinced in the slightest, but decided to not put any pressure on him. He placed a hand on America's shoulder, unable to ignore how the other flinched at the physical contact. "But, America… If there's… Something bothering you, you can talk to me, you know…"

"Yeah, I know… Thanks, Britain…" America hesitantly offered his response, forcing a smile, before turning his head away, and avoiding eye contact.

It was then that England's suspicions were confirmed and he was now sure that something was wrong. He briefly exchanged glances with France, who seemed just as worried, and even Canada, who hadn't said anything, had been listening in on their conversation and was concerned by his brother's strange behavior.

Usually, he would have taken control over the meeting and brought focus to himself, interjecting everybody's conversations with narcissistic ideas about global warming and referring to himself as the hero, and whatever the hell else America did and said that made him *him* , but the way he was acting right now just *wasn't it*, but rather was the complete opposite. It was just… odd…

Well, everybody has their off days, so maybe it was nothing…?

At least that's what he and everybody else was *hoping* .

…

Translations:

Muss ich alles machen...?

- Must I do everything?

Seid alle ruhig!

- Everybody be quiet!

Endlich

- Finally

Angleterre

- England

Nein

- No

Angliya

- England

Amerika

- Naturally "America".

A/N: Sorry, this isn't much, but I'm hoping this was a better start than nothing? Sorry, there wasn't much dialogue between certain characters in this first chapter, I plan to have interactions between America and multiple other characters later, and I'll probably be using the axis quite a bit too.

This WILL be future AmericaxJapan(Just cuz idk I felt like it? idk.) and GerIta, because Italy will probably have some issues of his own and I'm just a emotionally unstable sadist who loves projecting my own insecurities and problems onto fictional characters.

With that said, the Axis will likely play a pretty huge role in this, and the others as well. And I've never really written or read much for Amepan, but it's kind of not focused on a lot in the fandom, so I figured why not, and Japan just seems like somebody who would respect America's recovery while also being there for him in the end when he needs it. He's more reserved so I guess it could work. And I think America hangs out with Japan quite a bit, so maybe it'd be an interesting relationship to work with as a slow build?

Again, idk this ship is pretty new to me, and likely won't be the main focus? I'm more starting this for personal reasons.

I self-harmed for years and was actually sexually harassed and assaulted by a 40 year old man when I was like 14 or 15, and he continued messing with me until I was like 22? so I? might be? projecting a little? Please forgive me.

Chapter 2

The meeting went by surprisingly smoothly and without interruption. Then again, several of the nations, including Germany himself, found America's uncharacteristically quiet behavior rather distracting and was finding it hard to think of anything to say.

Germany didn't consider himself that close to America, but something inside of him started nagging at him to confront him later in private.

"If nobody else has anything to add, then I suppose that will conclude this meeting. Refreshments are in the corner." He sighed, receiving no response. In the end, he sat back down.

Several people got up, but England, China, Germany, Japan, and America stayed at the table. Italy, meanwhile, hopped up immediately at the mention of refreshments.

"Aya… America, you look terrible and really pale too. It's like all the blood was drained from your body, aru." China suddenly spoke up, looking at America with a hint of genuine concern for the younger nation.

Immediately all eyes were on America. As one of the oldest nations out there, China was well known for his medical knowledge. If he made such an observation, there was at least some base to it. Plus, all of them had noticed how sickly America looked. Even so, China had his suspicions that there was more to it that what met the eyes. America's behavior today was just too strange. It was like he was on edge and hiding something.

"Oh, it does?" America attempted to play dumb, but couldn't stop his nerves from acting up. "Yeah, sorry, I guess I've not been feeling that well lately. I'm sure it's nothing that serious though."

"America, you missed two meetings in a row because you weren't feeling well and you barely made it this time, so whatever this is has clearly been going on for at least three months now. Are you sure you don't need to see a doctor?"

"Yeah, I'll be fine. You guys worry too much." America dismissed their concerns with a wave of his hand.

England grumbled something beneath his breath about him being stubborn, but didn't want to make a scene of it, so he dropped the topic. "Well, since we're here, we might as well eat something. Are you coming?" England called after him.

"Nah, I ate a ton of burgers on the way here. I'm stuffed." America turned his suggestion down, taking the brit off guard. America turning down food? Since when?

Well, whatever, it wasn't like America's diet was any of his business in the first place, so reluctantly he decided to drop that too, heading over to the snack table to get some scones.

After a few minutes, America found himself surrounded by people eating and chatting away, even occasional arguments between England and France.

America, meanwhile, he wanted to leave. Anxiety was eating away at his insides like never before. The cuts on his arms screamed at him, begging him to reopen them all over again.

And yet, if he left the vicinity now, it would cause far too much suspicion.

"I've gotta get out of here and clear my head… Maybe there's a bathroom somewhere that I can-"

The smell of whiskey suddenly filled his senses, causing him to tense up a bit. Who the hell brought alcohol to a- actually, stupid question, consuming alcohol and other such beverages was totally normal for the nations, many of them crashed at the meeting places sometimes after conferences just *to* drink

It was totally fine.

Everything was fine.

Until it wasn't.

Suddenly, a hand touched his shoulder, catching him off guard.

He didn't know who it was, but it could make no difference either way. His body acted on autopilot, slapping the hand away out of fear.

"Don't touch me!"

Turning around he saw it was Italy who looked a bit hurt at his outburst.

"Oh, hey, Italy, it's you. What do you need?" America swallowed. Within seconds, he turned away, feeling like crap when he realized he had caught the attention of every single nation at the table. England seemed too drunk to fully process what had happened, otherwise he probably would have commented on America's behavior.

"Ve… I was wondering if you were you alright? You looked upset.." Italy said, a bit nervously.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Sorry… I need to go to the bathroom…" America managed in a weak voice, barely mustering the energy to dismiss himself from the room

Japan and Germany had watched the interaction, debating if one of them should go after America.

"Germany, is Amerika mad at me? All I did was touch his shoulder and then he screamed at me…!" Italy came back over to Germany with tears in his eyes.

" *Nein* , *Italien* , you did nothing wrong. I'll go talk to him." Germany awkwardly started to stand, stroking Italy on the head as a means of reassurance. He couldn't stand seeing Italy cry when he hadn't even done anything wrong.

But also… It was strange. America wasn't usually like that at all, even when he was sick. There had to be something else going on.

Even so, what was he supposed to say? He didn't know him that well. As fellow nations with a decent sized history behind them, of course they had filled out tons of paperwork together and attended meetings however unnecessary they may have seemed. That said, Germany and America weren't exactly what one would consider close, they barely spoke to each other personally outside of formalities.

Well, whatever the case, something was wrong, and for some reason or another, he felt like he had some responsibility to deal with it.

However, before he made it to the door, Japan stopped him.

" *Doitsu-san* , please allow me to go instead. I have a book I've been wanting to give to Amerika-san, anyway." He said.

Japan might not be the most talkative person, but when it came to observing those around him, he was by no means stupid. Concern for his friend ate away at him, urging him to go check on America, who definitely wasn't acting himself today.

"Well, you do know him better than I, so perhaps that would be for the best. Just give him my regards, *ja* ?" Germany said decisively, encouraging Japan to do as he thought was best.

"Of course." Japan bowed his head respectfully before going after America.

…

America collapsed on the floor of one of the bathroom stalls, not bothering to lock the door behind him. He leaned against the toilet as bile rose to his throat, throwing up again just as he had that morning.

Shit. Shit. Shit.

Those fucking *hands* . They wouldn't stop touching him.

"Get off of me…!" America snapped out loud, struggling to find his breath, clawing at his hair.

"America-san, what's wrong?!"

America jumped when the stall door was slammed open to reveal Japan standing there.

"Japan!" America jumped, startled, before flushing the toilet. "Dude, don't do that! You seriously scared the shit out of me just now!"

"I apologize, I realize I should have knocked, but I was… Are you… crying?" Japan asked in concern, noticing the liquid in the corners of America's eyes.

"What, *me* ? No way, dude, I just got some dust in my eyes . A hero never cries." He attempted to brush off Japan's concerns with a forced laugh.

"That was a terrible lie…" Japan internally deadpanned, but decided to drop it.

"When you were in there, you said, *"Get off of me"*. Did something happen?" He wanted to know.

"Oh, uh, yeah, about that. There was… a bug!"

"A bug…?" Japan, rose an eyebrow in disbelief.

"Yeah, there was a mosquito annoying me, so I kinda shouted without thinking about it." America scrambled together an excuse as quickly as possible. He'd pulled it straight out of his ass but it was better than coming up with nothing.

"I see…" Japan still didn't believe him for one instant, in fact his concern for his friend had went up tenfold, but there was nothing he could do to prove the contrary.

"Anyway, did you need something?" America asked, heading over to the sink to wash his hands. The truth was, he had wanted more than anything to cut his arms again right then and there but he knew there were too many risks involved if he did. It would have to wait until he got back home.

"Well, you see, there is a manga I thought you might want." Japan said, holding out a book with a girl in a sailor uniform on the cover.

"Wait, Kill la Kill has a manga?! Dude, that's so cool. This is one of my favorite anime! Thanks, Japan." America smiled. Kill la Kill was one of those rare cases that the anime was the original so it was no surprise he hadn't heard about it. Not a lot of people knew the manga for it even existed.

"It's no problem. In any case, are you sure you're okay?" Japan asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine. But I'm probably gonna leave. Tell Italy I'm sorry for snapping at him before, I think I might have scared him."

"I'll be sure to do that, but… America-san?" Japan started ask.

"Yeah, dude?" America looked back up at him.

"Later on, why don't you come stay at my place for a bit? Maybe we could watch some anime or do Karaoke together." Japan offered. He didn't feel too comfortable with letting America go back home alone in the state that he was in. Whatever was wrong with him was far beyond physical. Maybe spending some time with a friend would be good for him.

"Oh, I…" America was taken aback for a second by his invitation.

"Sorry, do you not want to?" Japan flustered, wondering if it was appropriate given the circumstances.

"No, it's just… I'm a bit surprised is all. It's not often you ask me to hang out with you. I sometimes get the feeling you might not like being around me very much…" America said a bit awkwardly. It was a well known fact that Japan was one of the most introverted nations out there, meanwhile America was the exact opposite; loud, extraverted and overly energetic. Such a dynamic probably seemed impossible to some.

A pang of guilt rose in Japan's chest at hearing America's words. Had he really given off such an impression that he *didn't* like him?

"No, that's not it at all!" Japan assured him, before slightly looking off to the side. "It is true that I don't always deal with people very well, but I don't dislike you or anything like that. I just don't always know how to respond to you…"

"Oh, I see…" America uttered, not certain what to say. "Well, if you're really okay with it, I don't mind coming over."

Maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea. It was preferable to being alone with the thoughts in his head.

"Really? *Subarashi!"* Japan responded, grateful that America didn't turn his offer down. "I'll see you later then."

America couldn't help but smile a bit at that.

"Yeah. Later."

…

A/N: So uh, long time no see. After months of facing author's blocks, I had the random spark of inspiration to write another chapter. I hope y'all liked it. I plan on incorporating a decent amount of FACE family stuff into this, but given America's trauma in this story, I've decided that having Japan x America is pivotal to America working through his fear of intimacy, which is the reason I went the direction I did in this chapter. Anyway, I'd love to hear everybody's thoughts.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!